gossamer; the masts, one after the other,

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Select Poetry.

THE REGICIDE JUDGE.

Goffee, who, with two other regicide judges arrived in Bosten in the summer of 1688, made for some time his abode in a cave, at West Rock. New Haven. Conn. Afterwards, he is supposed to have been sheltered it the house of a minister, at Hadley, Mass. A letter from him bears the date of April, 1695, from "Ebenser," as he styled his hiding-place. Whalley died several years before this period, and Diswell several after The strave of all three are in the burying-stround, in the rear of the Centre Church, New Haven.

'Twas in the old colonial time, Two hundred years ago, That a strange and grimly man was seen,

With locks as white as snow,— While a bushy beard, that was never drest, Hung elf-like over his withered breast.

He dwelt in a cave in the mountain-side,
Which Nature's hands had scooped;
Dripping and chill was its rock-barred vauls
Where murky shadows drooped;
And they spoke with awe who had ventured
nigh,

Of the terrible light in his wizard eye.

And thither the bear would sometimes roam, Or the rattlesnake wind his horn, Or the panther watch through the live-long night,

But hasten away at morn; While the Indian hunter stayed his bow At the sight of that man of age and woe.

Full many a legend the nurses told,

The wayward child to scare;

Of the horrible creature who lived alone,
Like a lion in his lair;

Who had no fire 'neath the coldest sky, Save the torch that burned in his sleepless eye. But once, when bold ones climbed the cliff.

With its steep and rocky stair,
And dared to enter his dismal den,
They found it empty and bare;
Yet trembling searched, lest his muttering

tone, Should turn the listener's ear to stone.

And then, in the home of a holy man,
Where Holyoke towers in pride,
That strange and spectral form was seen
With noiseless step to glide;
And rumor said, though the sunbeam played,

No sign it gave, and no shadow made. But still within that quiet home The inmates knew no dread When that mysterious being stole

When that mysterious being stole
To lonely meal or bed;
And the babe in its innocence felt no fear
At the sight of that guest so ghastly and drear.

For there the prayer of faith went up,
At morn and eventide,
And Christ's dear love had living root
To shelter and to guide.

To shelter and to guide;
And he who weareth such blessed charm,
No power of evil can work him harm.
At length, near the base of that mount

At length, near the base of that mountain rude, Where his earliest haunt was made,

And where the City of Elms unfolds

Its beauty of light and shade,—

That stranger slept, in the churchyard clay,
But who made his grave there is none to say.

THE TYRANNICAL SKIPPER.

I TELL you to steer more carefully!" cried the skipper of an Indiaman, to the young man at the helm, as the huge ship glided off before the wind, across the smooth waters of the Indian Ocean. "You're letting her yaw a quarter of a point from her course. If you don't pay more attention to your duty, I'll knock you down presently!" The sailor addressed was a slight-built,

The sallor addressed was a slight-built, pale complexioned youth, with a bright black eye which flashed fire on being thus rudely accosted by the captain, a cruel, brutal-looking fellow, who loved to tyrannize over his crew, and make use of abusive language upon every oc-

"A quarter of a point is not very far rom her course, Captain Whinyates, at my rate," replied the youth, whose name was Reynolds, in a respectful tone of volce, touching his hat at the same time. "You must be aware, sir, that he ship does not steer very well, and I

can assure you, sir, that I am doing my very best,"

"How dare you reply to me, sir, when I have occasion to reprimand you for your negligence! You should not let her yaw the hundredth part of a point from her course," cried the captain, in an angry tone, while his face became purple with rage, "You're an infernal sea-lawyer, and are always giving ilp to me when I speak to you."

"Surely, Captain Whinyates, you do not think yourself too good to be spoken to," quietly replied the sailor.

"Yes, I do, you scoundrel! No man shall open his lips on board this vessel, if I choose to say he sha'n't. I command here, and if you give me any more of your jaw, I'll seize you up in the main rigging, and give you four dozen with a piece of rathine stuff!"

"I'm no scoundrel, sir," firmly replied young Reynolds.

"You are a scoundrel—a lying, sneaking scoundrel! You ain't worth your salt. You're a regular soger—a blood-sucker, and a skulk! So take that, and then learn that it will not do to bandy words with your captain!"

And with these words, the vulgar, tyrannical fellow turned and gave young Reynolds a severe blow with his fist in the face. It was a most cowardly action, for the young sailor had both hands employed upon the wheel in steering the vessel, and could not defend himself; and, moreover, sea-faring people look upon it as positively disgraceful in a skipper to strike a man while at the helm. I know not what had given rise to this particular notion among the sons of the ocean : all I know is that it exists and that a most bitter state of feeling is invariably engendered in the breasts of a crew against a skipper who presumes to trample upon this reserved right.

In this case, Captain Whinyates had evidently gone beyond his mark, and had mistaken the nature of the man with whom he had to deal. No sooner did Reynolds feel the heavy blow of the skipper, than, forgetting respect, discipline, and everything else, he dropped the wheel, and turning upon his tormentor, he dealt him a blow in return, and that, too, with such hearty good will, that Captain Whinyates measured his whole length in the scuppers.

"Mutiny! mutiny!" roared the skipper, "the ship's in a state of mutiny!— Run aft here, Mr. Jones and Mr. Tiger (the first and second mates, who were at work forward)—run aft here, gentlemen and arm yourselves; the ship's taken by a bloody mutineer!"

In an instant all was commotion and hubbub on board the hitherto quiet ship. No sooner had Reynolds let go of the wheel in order to assail the captain, than the vessel swung slowly round until her head sails caught aback, and the breeze being fresh, the fore-topmast and top-gallant mast, with all their yards, sails and hamper, came crushing down, throwing everything into the utmost confusion.

In the meantime, the two combatants were struggling in the scuppers, where one of them had fallen, and where the other was upon him, pummelling him to his heart's content. The watch below were roused from their slumbers by the outcry on deck, and came rushing like a swarm of hornets up the forescuttle and ran aft to the battle-field, where the two mates were endeavoring to succor their commander.

A general melee now ensued, the crew, of course, taking the part of Reynolds, and the officers that of Whinyates. But numbers were decidedly against the officers, and in a short time they were completely overpowered, after having received some pretty hard thumps, and being sadly worried. They were then tied to the main rigging, while the mutineers now proceeded forward in a body, where they held a consultation.

Throughout this consultation, Reyuolds seemed to be cort of leading spirit. Full of fire and energy, he imparted a portion of his fury to his comrades, and things began to look rather ominous to the eyes of the captured authorities.

At length, after the lapse of a few moments, the mutineers, headed by Reynolds in person, proceeded aft to the main rigging, where the officers were in limbo, when the youth thus addressed them;

"Captain Whinyates, you now see the result of tyranny. For long years you

have been sailing the ocean; for long years you have been making everybody on board your ship miserable; but, at length, a terrible retribution has overtaken you. You did not know your man when you assailed me. You thought me like the majority of common sailors, who would submit to every indignity—every abuse, and like the patient lamb, lick the hand that was about to slay it. You did not know your man, sir. It is not for me to reveal myself to you; suffice it to say, I have not always been what I am at present."

"But Reynolds," whimpered the skipper, in an abject tone, for he felt that he was now indeed in the power of the man upon whose feelings he had trampled, "what do you propose to do with us, sir?"

"Do you see that starboard quarterboat, sir?"

"Yes, sir," replied the trembling Whinyates.

"You and your officers will be put into that boat, with a supply of provisions and water, and turned adrift on the open ocean."

"Horrible, horrible!" cried the captain; "you will not proceed to such extremities, surely?"

"Will I not, though? Come aft here, all of you, my lads, and lower down this starboard cutter. Some of you go down below, and get a few beakers of water and bags of bread, and put into her."

The movements of the crew at once showed the terrified skipper and his officers that Reynolds was considered as the leader, for his orders were implicitly and promptly obeyed. The boat was lowed into the sea, a few bags of bread, ten or twelve beakers of water, a compass, and a few other useful articles passed into her, when the captain was ordered over the side, his bonds having first been cut.

"But what do you intend to do with the ship, Reynolds?" inquired the skipper, in a wheedling tone.

"That is none of your business, sir.— The boat is waiting, get into her at once and be off! It is my turn to play the tyrant now, you see."

"But my daughter Honoria-surely she is to share my fate."

"No, I war not with woman. Your daughter is locked up in her state-room. She shall not suffer for the sins of her father; I will be kind to her and protect her with my life; but she cannot go with you in that open boat. I will not have her thus exposed. Should you ever live to reach your home, you may perchance see her again—otherwise you have looked your last upon her!"

The skipper and his mates were bundled over the side into the boat, and she immediately dropped astern, for the ship had been got before the wind again, and was now, notwithstanding the wreck of her fore-topmast, running off at the rate of eight knots an hour, so that the light craft in which Whinyates had been compelled to take passage, was soon lost in the distance.

Captain Whinyates, who was a thorough seaman, had been for a long time sailing out of New York, and by perseverance had risen to the command of an Indiaman. He was popular with his owners, for he always made quick trips, and seldom lost any spars or salls; but he was abhorred by the different crews who had sailed with him, and no man could be persuaded to go a second voyage with him. And yet this rough skipper had a daughter-a motherless girl, who was the very perfection of gentleness and Christian virtue, with a heart full of sensibility and affection, and having a smile or kind word for all in distress. On this occasion, she had taken passage on board her father's vessel, thinking a sea voyage might prove pleasant to her, and she had often remonstrated with him against his harsh treatment of his crew and warned him that his cruelty and tyranny would, ere long, be the means of placing him in a most unenviable plight. Little did the poor girl know that her predictions were so soon to be

Honoria Whinyates was now in her eighteenth year, and as fair to look upon as some drooping water-lily or modest rose blooming in the midst of some lonely wilderness. She had lost her mother when quite a child, and had, therefore, been left in a great measure to her own guldance; but her strong sense of propriety and her virtuous mind bore her

through every difficulty, and she had arrived at the age of early womanhood without once straying from the path of rectitude. She was indeed a very charming girl, with a fair share of personal attractions, and a well-stored mind, which she lost no opportunity to cultivate.

Reynolds, having taken charge of the Indiaman, set the crew at work to clear away the wreck of the fore-topmast, and get up a new one, and then unlocked the doors at the head of the companion-way and descended to the cabin. There he found the fair Honoria, pale, agitated and weeping.

"What was the meaning of all that noise and confusion on deck, a short time ago, and why was I fastened up in the cabin?" inquired she.

"Your father took it upon himself to strike me when I was at the helm; I returned it; the mates took his part, the crew took mine. The consequence was, that we overpowered them, put them in one of the cutters, with a considerable quantity of bread and water, and set them adrift. And being master of the ship now, it is my desire to render you as comfortable as possible."

"How horrible!" exclaimed the fair young girl; "and my poor father adrift in an open boat in the midst of the wide ocean! What will become of him?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness, lady; the boat is right in the track of vessels bound to India; he will be most likely picked up before twenty-four hours have passed."

"My poor, poor father! I have often warned him what the ending would be; but he would not heed my advice. But little, little did I dream that my predictions were so soon to be realized. But what do you propose to do with the ship—what is to become of me?" And the young lady shuddered.

"You are safe with me, lady; I would not harm a hair of your head for the universe. You will be well taken care of and kindly treated; but as to what I am going to do with the ship, that is a thing which remains to be determined. My idea is, that I had better navigate her into Canton, where she was originally bound, and there give her up to her consignees. I am no pirate, lady."

"I am rejoiced to hear it. You could not do a more praise-worthy act than the one proposed."

"We shall see," quietly replied Reynolds; "and, in the meantime, make yourself as easy as you can under existing circumstances, and be assured that I will protect you from harm and insuit at all hazards."

"You seem a kind-hearted young man; how dould you have treated my father as you did ?"

"Because he provoked me to it. A blow for a blow has always been my maxim, But I must now go on deek; the men require to be overlooked at their labors, and the weather looks somewhat threatening."

Saying this, young Reynolds bowed respectfully to Honoria, and took his departure.

"That is a singularly graceful youth," murmured the maiden, as the doors were closed behind him. "It seems a dreadful thing that poor father should have been cast adrift; but, still, I cannot help admiring the spirit of the young sailor. He is very handsome, too. How could father have assaulted him in the way he did?"

In the meantime, Reynoids had reached the deck, where he found all hands, with the exception of the man at the wheel, busily employed in clearing away the wreck of the fore-topmast, and getting ready to send up another. Casting his eyes around the horizon, he noticed that dark clouds were gathering in the West, and on going to the companionway, he found that the barometer had fallen to an alarming degree.

"Come down out of the rigging, all of you!" cried he; "bear a hand and let's get sall off the ship. We're going to have a sniffler from the south and west'ard, or I'm much mistaken."

In an instant, all hands were busily employed. Sail after sail was taken in, but before the topsails could be reefed, the tempest, which had come down with terrible rapidity, burst upon them. All at once the air was darkened; torrents of rain came pouring down, and the storm king opened the ball with energy. The sails were torn from the yards as though they had been but shreds of

went crashing over the side into the sea, and the ship darted off before the tremendous blast at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. The bravest held their breath with very awe; and as the vessel drove on before the wind, and over the mountain billows, no one knew where he was going or what was to be his fate. For sixteen hours the tempest continued with unabated fury; for sixteen hours did the helpless bark drive on, and then the storm began to break. Slowly did the scene lighten up; but what was the horror of every one on board, when, as the trembling craft rose to the crest of a surge, they beheld not more than two miles distant a small island, with a long ledge of rocks lying directly in front of it! The ship being entirely unmanageable, there seemed no doubt as to the fate that awaited all the crew, who gathered together on the forecastle, and in a sort of gloomy, sullen despair, watched the surf breaking hundreds of feet in height over those great black rocks. Reynolds, having repaired to the cabin, in a few words explained to Honoria the situation of affairs, and they both went on deck, and the new captain lashed himself and the maiden to battens, on the top of the companion-way, where they stood in silence awaiting the moment when the ship should take the ground. In the meantime, the stately craft was swept onward to inevitable destruction. Up she rose over the muntain billow, then down into the watery vale below-onward, still onward. At length shestruck. A tremendous surge, like some great black mountain, came rolling onward, and tumbled down with the force of a hundred Niagaras upon the doomed Indiaman. It was well for Reynolds and Honoria that the former had taken the precaution to lash them to the companion-way. As the briny surge burst over the ship, it swept away at one fell swoop every man of the crew who had neglected to secure themselves; while the little house, on which sat the youth and maiden, was burst from its lashings, and floated off over the tremendous surges towards the shore. Light as a cask, it drifted nearer and nearer, each succeeding swell carrying it upon its broad back still closer, until at length it was dashed with great violence high up on the sandy

To cut adrift the lashing, which had secured himself and Honoria upon that frail support, was the work of an instant. when, seizing her in his arms, Reynolds bore her up the beach to a place of safety, just as a huge comber, whose undertow would have inevitably swept them away, broke with a horrid crash over the very spot where the companion-way had been landed! Exhausted with his efforts, and worn out with fatigue and excitement, the youth had no sooner borne his charge to a place of safety than he sunk down in a deep swoon upon the sands, where he lay, so pale, so wan and ghastly, that, for some moments, Honoria imagined his spirit had taken its upward flight.

While lying in that helpless condition the shirt sleeve of the young sailor became opened by the action of the wind, and Honoria espied upon his arm the form of a Greek cross, pricked with indellible ink; and when, at length, he-became conscious, she mentioned the discovery, and wished him to inform her what it meant. But he evaded her inquiries, and hastily drawing his sleeve over the mark, turned the conversation into another channel.

"Well, there lies the last of the poor old Indiaman," said Reynolds, pointing to some fragments of the wreck that had drifted on shore, "Who would have thought that events of so much magnitude could have grown out of that act of tyranny on the part of your father?"

"Alas! I fear that my poor parent has dearly paid for his hasty temper. He must have perished in the storm."

"Perhaps so; if he has, he has no one to blame but himself, and all the crew have shared his fate."

"Yes, every man of them. We were,

indeed, saved by a miracle."

"Yes; had I not taken the precaution to pass that lashing around us, when we seated ourselves upon the companionway, it would have been a clew up and a furl with us for this world. But come, I am in a great measure recovered from my indisposition. The sea air is cold and raw; let us proceed farther inland, and